

## How A Martial Artist Stops a Bullet

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Summary: How do the Martial Artists of Ranma 12 stop themselves from being shot? Find out!

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How A Martial Artist Stops a Bullet by David A. Tatum

Note: This was an idea I had quite some time back, when there was a debate about Martial Artists vs. Guns. I didn't refine it enough to start writing until recently, however... Anyway, here we go...

Any martial artist can safely stop a bullet, if he wishes. It's rather easy. In fact, to prove it, we sent a number of gunmen into a district of Tokyo known as Nerima to see how they faired against the local martial artists... this is what happened.

\* \* \* \* \*

A gunman jumped out of the bushes in front of Ranma Saotome, sending a spray of bullets at the young man.

"Ack!" Ranma cried, jumping over the initial blast. "Kachuu Tenshin Amaguriken!" he cried, slamming the remaining bullets out of the air with his fist.

The gunman blinked, looking at his empty gun, then back at Ranma. "Ahhh!" he cried, sprinting off as fast as he could.

"Huh," Ranma said, shrugging. "Wonder what that was all about."

\* \* \* \* \*

"So, that's 5000 yen apiece, Kunou-baby," Nabiki was saying, holding five photos of female Ranma in various stages of undress towards the kendoist.

Someone knocked her aside, sending the photos to a puddle on the ground, ruining them. The man who had shoved her away pulled out a gun and pointed it at Tatewake Kunou.

Kunou, however, failed to notice the firearm. He DID, however, notice that the photos he had been about to purchase were now lying in the mud, and that the man standing in front of him was responsible.

"How dare you destroy such lovely visions of the pigtailed goddess! I must teach you a lesson for such disrespect! Ya dadadadadadadada!"

The gun went off just as Kunou's wind pressure attack went into full swing. The bullet left the firearm's muzzle, but didn't go much further before being pushed backwards and into the gunman.

"By wind pressure alone..." Nabiki commented, awed.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Heh, all the OTHERS are being idiots- why would you shoot someone when they might be able to fight back or run away? Fools- I'll be the only successful assassin- I'm the only one who'll go after these guys while they're sleeping!' a gunman thought as he snuck up on the sleeping body. Smiling, he aimed and pulled the trigger.

The bullet bounced off of Ryouga, ricocheted off a rock, and landed in a tree less than an inch from the gunman's head.

The gunman froze as Ryouga stirred, scratching the place where the bullet had impacted with him. "Hmm... nasty mosquitos out here," he muttered before falling back asleep.

'I think I'll be going now,' the gunman thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Kodachi, prepare to die!" a gunman cried, leaping into the St. Hebereke gymnasium, his gun raised and aimed at her. He pulled the trigger.

"You think you can harm me? Ohohohohohohohohohohohohohoho!"

The bullet began to panic when it heard the horrible insane laughter. Confused, it turned around and ran. The gunman was long gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Akane smiled and laughed at the joke Sayuri told.

"Akane, look out!" a cry came from above. Akane looked just in time to be barrelled over by Ranma. The bullet passed over the both of them, chipping up the pavement behind.

"Ranma no baka!" Akane shouted, malleting Ranma. "You didn't have to be so rough!"

Well, okay, so Akane wasn't the martial artist who stopped the

bullet, but it WAS stopped by a martial artist...

\* \* \* \* \*

Ukyou carried the tiny bag of tempura flakes, looking over at Konatsu with some mild concern. "Are you sure you don't need any help with that, sugar?" she asked.

Konatsu, carrying ten bags of Udon noodles, all of which were larger than him, just smiled at her. "No, that's all right, Ukyou-sama. This isn't any trouble at all..."

Ukyou just nodded, and they continued on their way.

"Ukyou, prepare to die!" a gunman cried, leaping out of the bushes and pointing a gun at her.

"Don't worry, Ucchan! I'll save you!" someone said, jumping in front of her and taking several pieces of lead to the chest. The gunman turned and ran.

Ukyou ran over to her now-dead hero, tears welling in her eyes. She sniffs, dries her tears, and smiles in relief. "Oh, good... it's not Ranchan."

Konatsu, who'd just dragged himself over to her carrying his heavy burden. "Who was it, then?"

Ukyou shrugged. "I dunno- probably just one of my many fanboys. Come on, Konatsu- we have to get home before the dinner rush gets started."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Can I help you?" Mousse asked a potted plant.

The gunman smiled. 'This is too easy- and it's the perfect way to make up for that mess with that Hibiki person.' Pulling out his firearm, he took aim and pulled the trigger. The bullet glanced off of one of the many weapons hidden in Mousse's clothes and bounced into a wall. 'Er... maybe I'll go after one of the girls next- these guys' hides are too tough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Women are sometimes thought of as the deadlier of the species... and this woman believed it wholeheartedly. She figured that, being female, she'd be the one most likely to catch the target off guard. She pulled her gun out from behind her back and leaned down, giving the old man she was hired to kill one last show. She aimed and fired.

Happosai was not there. Instead, he was attached to her breasts. "SWEETO!" he cried, giving them a squeeze.

Dropping her gun and screaming, the woman ran off, hoping to escape the horrid thing...

\* \* \* \* \*

Genma and Soun each laughed, hoping to distract the other long enough to place another tile. That was when the gunman assigned to them showed up.

"Okay, you two- I'm supposed to kill both of you," he said, flashing his revolver. "Which one of you wants to be first?"

Genma mouthed something to Soun, and then turned to the gunman.

"Oh, please, spare us!" he implored, leaping to kneel at his feet.

"Please!" Soun cried, doing the same but adding a flood of tears to his pleas. "I'm the father of three daughters, and if I'm killed than what will they do!"

"Spare us!"

"Don't hurt my children!"

"PLEASE!"

"WE'RE BEGGING YOU!"

The gunman started to panic. Dropping his gun, he backed away, saying, "Ack! Okay, okay- I'm sorry! I won't kill you! I drop the gun already- now please, stop crying!"

Finally realizing the two were past the point of reason, he turned away and ran off.

Seeing he was gone, Genma stopped his begging. Smiling, he turned to Soun...

"See, I told you the Crouching Tiger technique would see us through a situation like this..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Konatsu frowned. She- er, he'd been too busy carrying Ukyou's cooking supplies to help her when that gunman showed up, and that fanboy had to save her. HE should have been the one to protect her- after all the kindness she had shown him, she deserved him sacrificing his life for her.

The same gunman who had shot at Ukyou showed up in front of him, pulling out his gun. Finally, his chance!

"Don't worry, Ukyou-sama! I'll protect you!" he cried, diving to save the girl. However, the man had not been aiming for her, but instead for Konatsu, so the bullet went off harmlessly, merely killing another fanboy who'd been sneaking in the shadows in order to see the object of his affection.

\* \* \* \* \*

'All right,' the gunman thought. 'The bullets bounced off both Ryouga and Mousse... but maybe the women won't be quite so thick-skinned.' Taking careful aim from the rooftop he pointed his gun right.

Suddenly, he thought of something else which might help. 'All right, this time I'm aiming for the head! There isn't any way to conceal any armour up there!'

The bullet zing through the air, speeding towards the purple-haired teenager. It went straight into Shampoo's ear...

And right out the other, with no blood or brain or anything.

"What make funny noise?" Shampoo asked. Then she shrugged and went back to wiping off tables.

The gunman's eyes widened. "All right, that's it!" he screamed. "I'm killing SOMEONE, dammit!" With that, he pointed his gun at the most vulnerable looking target- an old woman stirring some soup as she rested on a cane, and squeezed the trigger.

Cologne batted the bullet out of the air with her staff. Not even turning from the ramen she was making, she shouted, "You're three hundred years too young for me, sonny... give it up..."

The gunman sighed, and decided she was right. The next day, he quit his job as an assassin, figuring that there was only one more martial artist left in the target list, and if he couldn't take out one of these less-skilled fighters, he wouldn't stand a chance against the man who consistently beat the so-called best martial artist in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tarou arrogantly paraded through the streets, looking for Happosai. Finally, he had a plan to get his name changed that would WORK, no matter what anyone else did- all he had to do was find Happosai first.

A man jumped in front of him, tripped, stumbled, picked himself back up, and pulled a gun on him. "Pantyhose Tarou, there's a bullet in this gun with YOUR NAME ON IT!"

'My name... on a bullet,' Tarou thought. 'The thing which I am most ashamed of, inscribed on metal for all eternity... oh, why-'

He wasn't able to complete that thought, however. While he was tearing himself apart because of his name, the gunman fired and the bullet passed right through his head...

Okay, so not EVERY martial artist is able to safely stop a bullet, but most of them are...

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----- Sir Desaix, member # 116 of the Knights of the True Fiancee  
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